THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII — New York, Wednesday, September 3, 1930 — Number 18

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Rome's Supreme Attraction 431
Week by Week 432
House and Annex 435
Mr. Hoover and the Depression ..... John A. Ryan 436
Second Coming (*verse*) ..... Ernest Hartsock 438
Places and Persons ..... George Dangerfield 439
The "Catholic" Author ..... Terence O'Donnell 441
Vintage (*verse*) ..... Sister M. Eulalia 443
Archbishop Wareham ..... Hilaire Belloc 443
Poem for Any Woman (*verse*) ..... Margaret Widdemer 444
Communications 444
The Screen ..... Richard Dana Skinner 445
Books ..... Johannes Mattern, John F. McCormick, R. M. Patterson, jr., Frederic Thompson 446

Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

ROME'S SUPREME ATTRACTION

"A POSITIVE revolution in Christian morals" is the way the Church Times, of London, the organ of the Anglo-Catholics, speaks about the resolution favoring birth control adopted by the majority of the bishops of the Church of England and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States in their recent conference at Lambeth. In the same journal one of the leaders of the Anglo-Catholics, Bishop Walter Carey of South Africa, expresses his shocked opposition to the resolution in order, as he puts it, "to clear his soul." News despatches from England inform us that the birth-control resolution, together with the action taken by the Conference sanctioning intercommunion between the Anglican Church and the proposed united South Indian Church which will include non-episcopal bodies, will bring about a bitter controversy between Anglo-Catholics and the various other groups which constitute the Anglican Church. One correspondent goes so far as to say that there is a prospect of "secession" on the part of the Anglo-Catholics. Other commentators, notably Mr. George Bernard Shaw, think that the bishops have not gone far enough in favoring birth control and criticize them for not fully sanctioning divorce.

Catholics who are not Anglicans, or members of any other racial cult, will hardly accept the Church Times's definition of the Anglican birth-control resolution. For us no revolution in Christian morals has been effected by the Anglican bishops, nor could there be. Christian morals remain undisturbed. Christian morals are in fact undisturbable; they are final. For us it seems, of course, that it is the Anglican Church that has undergone the revolution. This step, however, has been so patently imminent that its sensational effects were discounted by competent observers long ago. As Mr. Shaw points out, the Anglican bishops have simply "given way under the overwhelming pressure of accomplished facts." Having nothing to bind them together save the legal lines of their governmental establishment, possessing no court or centre or even principle of final authority either in morals or in theology, the Anglican bishops in this instance, as in many others, have accommodated themselves to the mood of their particular environment in time and place. From a Catholic point of view, such an occurrence, while exceedingly to be deplored, is the most natural thing in the world. No merely human institution or organization can resist world changes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the disputes between the Anglo-Catholics and the evangelical groups within the Anglican Church concerning matters of discipline and practice, Catholics of course have nothing to do and should have nothing to say. But the resolution concerning birth control affects all Christians directly or indirectly. It has its bearing as well upon another subject very keenly discussed nowadays, namely, the reunion of Christianity. Much was said on this topic at the Lambeth Conference but so far as the published reports of the proceedings have let us see, no very original nor helpful ideas were revealed. Perhaps none were to be expected, at least on the part of those who really know how deep and how increasingly unbridgeable the chasm between the Catholic Church and the Christian bodies outside of her communion really is. But perhaps one outcome of the Lambeth Conference, particularly of its stand in favor of birth control, will be to reveal the true nature of the gulf of separation. It becomes increasingly evident that that gulf is less a matter of papal claims, doctrinal divisions, or racial or creedal clashes, than it is a difference on fundamental points of morality. This point has been well illuminated by a Protestant writer, the Reverend J. M. Lloyd Thomas, in the Hibbert Journal for July. The Tablet, of London, calls it to our attention in a recent issue, and Dr. Thomas's words are so apropos under the present circumstances that we feel a somewhat lengthy quotation is thoroughly justified:

"Meanwhile we can all be magnanimous enough to recognize that Rome, in a uniquely tenacious temper, is a steward of the mysteries, and not only of the mysteries, but of the moral witness of the Christian Church. One of the readiest errors of the shallower type of Protestant is to think that the attraction of Rome is to be found in its sentimental devotions and alluring ceremonial and in its guarantee of sameness and familiarity or usage and language in all the countries of the world. Scarcely less erroneous is the idea that it is to be found in its provision of a definite and infallible authoritative doctrine to meet the doubts and uncertainties of an age in which even science itself is at sixes and sevens over its own ultimates. It is true that persons not knowing their own minds, tormented by restless hesitations and conflicts, tired and confused, in endless mazes lost, become desperate and resolve to settle all their problems by one general suicidal act of submission to infallible authority and to the direction of a universal, closely-knitted and impressively self-consistent system of group-thinking. But this is not the chief reason why Rome is now almost embarrassed by the number of its converts, especially from Anglo-Catholicism.

"The supreme attraction of Rome is to be found not in its devotions or ceremonialism or the absolutism of its intellectual formulations. It is to be found in its ethical rigorism, in that very sphere which Puritan Protestantism thought to be its own. Rome, whatever its past or present laxities of practice, is seen to be the one uncompromising corporate witness to that moral code of Christianity which preserves western civilization from final collapse. It presents the last loyalty of the human race to its own highest moral standards. It is the iron bulwark of Christianity against the overwhelming invasion of the corrupting neo-paganism of our times. Anglican and Free Church leaders may also be found who are rock-firm for the Christian ethic, but they can commit no one except themselves. There is no authoritative moral theology which can tell us what is the final judgment of Anglicans and Free Churchmen on questions such as marriage, divorce, birth control, companionate experiments, abortion, euthanasia, suicide. Only Rome speaks with one voice on such themes, and these are the issues of life and death, of the survival or decline of the West. On these themes no one, least of all our belauded 'frank' and 'honest,' over-sexed and promiscuously-minded, modern youth can keep an open mind for a single hour without risk of ruin.

"This is the supreme attraction of Rome—its moral challenge to a high temperance, chastity and self-control. For this the descendants of the Ironsides and the Anglican inheritors of British Catholicism should be outspokenly thankful. This is not to say that the judgment of Rome even on these themes is to be deemed always and infallibly right, but it is to say that public and private morals cannot be left to be settled by the newspapers or abandoned to the wanton impulses of the mob-minded or of individual caprice. The Church should be the guardian of the moral standards of the faithful; and this it cannot be until it is reunited into a single corporate visible Holy Catholic Church throughout all the world—one Flock, one Shepherd."

WEEK BY WEEK

Anent the Telegram

COMMENTING upon our recent analysis of New York's mayor, the Telegram of August 21 professes to be disturbed by a reference to the fact that Tammany is widely accepted as an expression of Catholic "political consciousness." It hastens to seek refuge in the "original doctrine of a separated Church and state" which forms a cardinal principle in the political philosophy of the United States. Now of course we were simply referring to a fact. Since the leadership and personnel of Tammany are largely recruited from Gotham's Catholic citizenry, the custom of the country has always been to assert that "this" is what Catholics (with all their imagined alien background) are capable of in civic life. That such an assertion is incorrect from several points of view we should be the first to concede. But facts are facts, and a journal interested in them can hardly avoid being disturbed by possible implications and consequences. But since the Telegram professes to be interested in doctrines, we shall devote more at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention than we otherwise might to the remarkable conclusion to which its editor arrives. After asking where one's "religious political consciousness may be expected to halt," he declares: "Man's religion may help to form him, but when he is formed his political being should be apart from his religious being."

THE significance of this extraordinary epigram is a little hard to get. We confess our inability to imagine grown citizens whose various "beings" are neatly roped off. Indeed, what the Telegram seems to propose is a kind of human department store, in which one airtight section is devoted to religion, another to politics, a third to business, and several others to such matters as art, sport, social intercourses and plain horse sense. Possibly this interpretation reposes upon some antiquated facultative psychology; it is manifestly not in accord with life. We shall make bold to declare that the political philosophy of the United States has never recognized the validity of such futile abstractions. While denying the right of ecclesiastical authority to dictate beliefs or principles of action, the constitutional tradition has always earnestly reckoned with the fact that the consciousness of the nation is profoundly Christian. Hundreds of communal actions and legal decisions have had their sources in this consciousness. From this point of view the character of American government could change only if public consciousness became something other than Christian, and adopted as its positive moral content one or the other program of secularism. The Catholic attitude is no different. In the final analysis, the betterment of civic life is confided by the Church to laymen, with the understanding not that their isolated political "being" is to generate a certain amount of energy but that their personalities shall be devoted to the right performance of civic tasks. As this point of view seems to us sane and human, we shall adhere to it indefinitely.

IF MR. AMOS WOODCOCK keeps at it, the world may eventually become somewhat safer even for prohibitionists. The new director of Volsteadian enforcement has declared his intention of urging all agents to conduct themselves like law-abiding citizens. Indeed, he has gone still farther in his rash audacity and has suspended, for five days each, two officers who apparently believed they owned the universe. One of these men, agent Robert F. Myrtle of Milwaukee, got the best of a traffic argument by drawing a gun and announcing that it was all the "authority" he required. Now to suspend such a valiant soul for five days would have been regarded, in the good old times before Bishop Cannon retired to connubial bliss in South America, as singularly unappreciative of sterling talent. We surmise that civilization, often accused of shifting rapidly, is now in the midst of one of the most startling reversals of form on record. Even more breath-taking is the fact that charges have been preferred against a Mr. Golding, described as in charge of Albany's super-experts, by a stenographer, the Civil Service Commission and Mr. Woodcock. Such an attack—bayonets, tanks, airplanes and everything—must be almost too much for Mr. Golding. We should not be astounded if he were laid off a week.

Reform Where Needed

CURRENT political campaigning in Germany, necessitated by the dissolution of the Reichstag, may be termed a public debate about economic problems and their solution. Socialists, hitherto in virtual control of the government, have adhered to a policy of social insurance and wage stability, their general attitude toward foreign relations being tempered by relative friendliness for conciliation. A similar stand has been taken, on the whole, by the Centre party. Meanwhile, however, the manifest abuses of social insurance have led other groups to feel that national security must be attained through a far more radical exploit. Nationalists, Fascists and Communists agree that the real cause of Germany's woes is the Young Plan, held to impose an economic burden impossible to carry. It is, perhaps, only natural that such restrictions should evoke a great deal of sympathy for the parties named even among those who do not covet either a Mussolini or a Stalin. During past weeks violent critiques of the entire Versailles world order have emanated from Germany. The speeches of Herr Treviranus, advocating revision of the Polish corridor, were viewed with such alarm throughout France that M. Briand had all he could do to pour enough oil on the waters. The fact that this attitude complements so neatly certain recent maneuvers of Mussolini may be a partial explanation, but the chief source is undoubtedly the social and economic uneasiness of Germany. What happens during the next month may prove to be of exceptional significance.

Germans Ill at Ease

THE month just concluded was the anniversary of the riots and massacres in Palestine. A hasty mental review of what has been done in the interval to pacify and normalize that disputed land does not carry much encouragement. Though the Jews of the world have united with characteristic generosity in raising an emergency relief fund, the differences of opinion within their body as to the scope and feasibility of Zionism have been sharpened. Meanwhile, several commissions have conducted lengthy investigations into the causes of controversy between Arabs and Jews, and have failed, despite their varied and complex findings, known and conjectured (for full reports have not yet been published in every case) to remove the impasse, or to change the pattern of fact in the mind of the informed observer. There is, in Palestine, a clash not only of religious but of economic philosophies, and the bitterness on each side is aggravated by a genuine sense of injustice. The majority, retaining for the most part the primi-

Where Shall They Go?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive simplicity and uninstructed conservatism of a pastoral and nomadic people, claim the right of a majority to keep their land and civilization unchanged. They resent correspondingly not merely the defiant "artificial" nationalism of some of the extreme Zionists, but the whole idea behind the Balfour Declaration, of ensuring prerogatives and protection to a progressive, industrialized minority. The Jews, for their part, point to the labors, the talents and the vast sums which, thus encouraged, they have expended.

MEANWHILE, the suspension of Jewish immigration into Palestine still continues. We have already briefly touched upon this feature of the situation, in so far as it is the probable political consequence of the demands of Indian Mohammedans resentful of the Declaration for their Arabian coreligionists. Another aspect of the matter begins to attract urgent attention. The lot of the eastern European Jew has become much more desperate since the haven of the Holy Land was closed to him. Writing in the Nation, William Zuckerman, a London journalist, depicts the growing pressure upon this most unfortunate section of his unfortunate people. The factors of this pressure are two: the economic upset in the states of the former czarist empire outside of the Soviet government—a condition made acute by the present world crisis, and bearing hardest upon the Jews as aliens in these lands and the fact that, since the war, more and more countries have closed their ports to them. Few can now hope to enter the United States, Canada or the southern republics. They are barred altogether from Australia and South Africa. Hence the closing of Palestine for a seemingly indefinite period was a tragic, perhaps an irremediable blow to many a community which is now being kept alive only by "the staggering effort of Jewish philanthropy in the United States." The question of Zionism, the writer reminds us, is here beside the point. These people must live, and if Palestine is forbidden, a chief hope, a last hope is gone. One understands Mr. Zuckerman's cry: "Would that the Labor government had revoked the Balfour Declaration and left immigration and colonization free!"

YEAR after year, meetings of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae serve to indicate the lasting efficacy of higher education given to women under religious auspices. Though the substructure of the organization is a network of alumnae federations, each interested in a particular college or academy, union on a nation-wide scale has afforded influence and purposiveness. One of the foremost objects during recent years has been the building up of an education fund designed to provide scholarships for teaching sisters who wish to pursue advanced academic study. This and kindred enterprises of the Federation will be set forth in an article which The Commonweal hopes to publish shortly. Meanwhile one hopes that the convention, meeting as this is written, at Saint Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, will prove more successful than anticipated.

Catholic Alumnae in Session

THE officials of the United States Lawn Tennis Association are always having to deal with casuistical problems respecting the amateur status of this or that player. They have only just finished resettling Mr. Tilden—that troublesome necessity that no amount of recurrence seems to make easy—when Mrs. Helen Wills Moody upsets them by receiving a legacy of $20,000 from the late Senator Phelan. By the Association's rules, an amateur is one who derives no financial profit from the game, directly or indirectly. By the terms of the Senator's will, the money is left Mrs. Moody expressly as a testimonial of appreciation for her having won the tennis championship for California. What to do? Will Mrs. Moody accept the money? There seems excellent reason to think so. Will she thereby cease being an amateur? We do not imagine she will, in spite of the tumult and the shouting. We put our faith in the ingenuity which smoothed out the Tilden tangle by forbidding him to write for newspapers during the Davis Cup matches. If four days of nonproductivity suffice to make an amateur of a waning star like Mr. Tilden, the uncontracted-for largesse of a legacy will probably not be suffered to affect even the penumbra of a fixed luminary like Mrs. Moody.

What Is an Amateur?

DISCUSSION of specifically Catholic fiction is once more rife in France since the appearance of François Mauriac's Ce Qui Etait Perdu, a novel in which there are spiritual situations of such poignant beauty that critics have been reminded not only of Dostoievsky but also of Saint Francis de Sales. Albert Thibaudet makes this fiction his theme in the Nouvelle Revue Française, and points out that, historically speaking, there have been three trends. The first was the novel of ecclesiastical manners, which often became a medium for satirists of the clergy but was sometimes also a vehicle of propaganda. The second, concerned primarily with a demonstration of the social value of religion, found its chief exponent in Paul Bourget and largely served to give support to a conservative political doctrine. "Now it would seem," says M. Thibaudet, "that the genuine Catholic novel is the novel of souls." Yet here too our critic, who is inclined to be more than a little pessimistic, finds trouble brewing. "Actors and journalists," he says, "have their patrons. The novelists have none. If they were to institute a search for him, I feel they might eventually find *her*. I can think of no appropriate Saint excepting Mary Magdalen. The heart of Magdalen is the source of the modern novel." That is at once a shrewd critical remark and, from many points of view, not a bad suggestion.

The Catholic Novel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSE AND ANNEX

THE Census Bureau has declared that 122,698,190 persons now reside in the United States, which means a gain of slightly more than 16 percent during ten years. These figures are probably not strictly accurate, but they are as near to the truth as it is possible to arrive. Viewed as a whole they indicate the effect upon population growth of restricted immigration, falling birth and death rates conspiring to keep the ratio of natural increase about what it has always been. When the report is scrutinized for what it can tell us regarding recent striking changes in economic and political life, it becomes half an index and half an incentive to speculation. The two decades since 1910 have been notable primarily for industrial development; but since the first was disrupted by abnormal war conditions, it is the second which tells us most about the drift from the farm to the city, the new groupments of factory workers and the leisure results of prosperity.

That agriculture has steadily lost in attractiveness is at present definitely proved. Though only one farming state—Montana—is now host to fewer citizens than ten years ago, all the chiefly rural commonwealths have grown only in so far as their large cities have expanded. Possibly it is really the decline of the small town which affords the best clue to the dwindling farmer. Ten years ago, these communities were often in the pink of condition. Farm land values had increased, acreage was at a premium owing to war-time needs, banks had loaned every available cent on attractive mortgages, the chain stores had not driven local merchants out but were operating, for the most part, as simple addenda to the commercial routine. The use of tractors and other machines was spreading almost without the usual "technological disturbances" because hired help seemed quite impossible to find. But when the boom conditions disappeared and over-production ensued, it became apparent that the farmer's plant would not pay interest on the capital invested. As a result the mortgages lost their gilt edges, merchants and bankers could not recoup loans, acreage was as plentiful as sunshine. The local community could not live on the profits of rural trade, and steady deterioration set in. As an entity the small town was momentarily doomed.

Meanwhile the post-war boom had spread to industry. The effect is rendered almost startingly graphic by the census reports. First came the automobile, to manufacture which huge enterprises—virtually new cities—were erected. What the result was in terms of population statistics may be most easily visualized by pointing to the development of such centres as Detroit, South Bend and Cleveland. But the automobile did incalculably more. It demanded oil, for instance, and this appeared as if by magic in Texas, California, Oklahoma and other places—fields employing tens of thousands of men, making possible the formation of billion-dollar corporations, giving birth to mushroom towns over night. Then there are dozens of economic and cultural by-products—road building on a scale undreamed of before, steel production, copper mining, the garage and dealer systems, new buildings which were sometimes headquarters and sometimes advertisements for great magnates of the motor, catering to tourists, and above all the conjuring up of vast new national playgrounds.

The most important and prosperous of these last is California, which has grown faster than any other state. To some extent, of course, it is a commonwealth productive of oil, fruit, walnuts and abalone salad. But California is primarily the palace which America has erected to its leisure hours. Here wealth retires to enjoy the tranquillity and palm trees of Pasadena, riots in a dozen mountain-skirted valleys, wears out the roadbed between Los Angeles and Tia Juana. Primarily, however, the cinema is enthroned in California, attracting by its regal glitter thousands who seek fame and many more thousands whom the lure of a climate it exploits has drawn to the flame. And of course the census will reveal to future observers any number of things regarding the phenomenal growth of the amusement business in the United States. How many forms of play and pastime have been capitalized into gigantic, dividend-paying corporations it would be impossible to say. The list runs from the movie to the bathing beach, from baseball and football and golf to tossing jackknives, from radio programs to lecture courses. Even religion has now and then tried to be amusing—and sometimes it has paid! That the industrialized citizen is a glutton for pleasure is an important sociological fact. But it is not so impressive as is the quality of that which he has been led to construe as pleasure.

To what extent the industrial community, in its turn, has been over-capitalized is a query now earnestly demanding an answer. Curiously enough, the census arrives at the precise moment when a readjustment of values, the end of which cannot be foreseen, is in progress. For the moment the average worker's disposition to mortgage his earnings via the instalment plan does not appear to have led to anything like financial catastrophe. But eventual study of the census figures will probably tell us vastly more of the same kind of history narrated by the fragment of research in Ford employee's lives commented upon recently in this place. That means a population steadily drifting from terms of ownership to a condition of indebtedness. The home has begun to be lost in the shuffle, unemployment means decapitalization in a sense never previously understood in America, the zest for amusement and pleasure has necessitated a new understanding of the nomadic life. We may be headed for some fresh social destination. On the other hand, we may be finding the recipe for equilibrium. At all events, the new census may mark the close of an era of change more fascinating, more lurid and more dangerous than any in our previous history.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. HOOVER AND THE DEPRESSION

By JOHN A. RYAN

In the following paper, Father Ryan examines the conclusions to which (in his opinion) the public has arrived regarding the President. "The things that he has done and the things that he has left undone since last November have shown," we are told, "that Mr. Hoover does not possess the superior qualities which were attributed to him during the presidential campaign." Next week Father Ryan will discuss the President's attitude toward problems not economic in character. In all likelihood The Commonweal will publish an article dealing with the same theme from a different point of view.—The Editors.

THE remarkable recession of President Hoover's popularity is due primarily to the stock market collapse which occurred last fall, and the industrial depression which began about a year ago. And yet neither of these disasters was set in motion by anything that Mr. Hoover did or left undone. That they occurred in the first year of his administration was simply his bad luck, just as their failure to occur a year earlier was good luck for Mr. Coolidge. Indeed, the over-expansion of business and the orgy of speculation in the fifteen months preceding the middle of November, 1929, are attributable in no small degree to the foolish predictions of continued prosperity uttered by Mr. Hoover's immediate predecessor.

However, these events have been the occasion rather than the cause of the great decline which the President has suffered in popular esteem. It is his actions and omissions subsequent to the crash on the stock exchange that have provided the substantial and enduring cause. The things that he has done and the things that he has left undone since last November have shown that Mr. Hoover does not possess those superior qualities which were attributed to him during the presidential campaign and for some years previously.

In this connection, a curious slip has been made by the able and distinguished journalist who presents The Gentleman at the Keyhole to the readers of Collier's. In his contribution to the issue for August 9, 1930, he writes: "The country insisted upon over-estimating him. It built up its idol of huge proportions and now it will see nothing but the feet of clay. No one could be quite the superman it made Mr. Hoover out to be." As it stands, this statement implies that the country had arrived at its exaggerated estimate of Mr. Hoover spontaneously—upon its own analysis of his achievements. Now, no one knows better than The Gentleman at the Keyhole that the inflated popular estimate was deliberately and systematically created by journalistic and political propagandists.

In any case, there is no doubt that many millions of Americans are now disillusioned on the subject of Mr. Hoover's greatness. They have found, or think they have found, that he is neither a great economist nor a courageous and effective leader, nor a master of fundamental principles. Let us examine the facts which have brought about popular disillusionment under these three heads. Let us take up first the assumption that Mr. Hoover is a great economist.

Any trained economist must have realized that this assumption was false as soon as he read Mr. Hoover's speech at Boston in October, 1928. This address contained so much that is superficial, so much sophistry, so many fallacies, so many half-truths, that no competent economist could avoid one of two conclusions: either Mr. Hoover was incapable of fundamental economic thinking, or he was trying to throw dust into the eyes of his audience. Inasmuch as the vast majority of the people are not trained economists, it is probable that not many of them put the proper estimate upon the Boston speech. However, a very large proportion of them have been able to evaluate correctly the economic weaknesses in the President's attitude toward unemployment, farm relief and the Smoot-Hawley tariff act.

In December, 1928, Governor Brewster, of Maine, presented to the state governors assembled in New Orleans a comprehensive and fundamental plan for the prevention of unemployment. He more than hinted that his plan had the backing of the President-elect. Many newspaper editors drew the hasty conclusions that the new scheme was Mr. Hoover's own invention. As a matter of fact, it can be found fully set forth in any standard economic text published the last quarter of a century. In essence it proposes an increase of public works during depressions and a decrease in periods of prosperity. Governor Brewster expressed the opinion that through the coöperation of federal, state, county and municipal authorities a fund of $3,000,000,000 could be made available for public works when business showed signs of becoming slack. Given the requisite previous planning and the intelligent expenditure of this huge sum, and there is not the slightest doubt that a depression which threatened to be even greater than the one now afflicting us could have been halted before it got thoroughly started.

Unfortunately for the country and for Mr. Hoover himself, he did nothing toward putting the plan into effect. About four months after it was expounded to the governors at New Orleans, Congress was assembling in extra session to deal with farm relief and the tariff. Here was a golden opportunity to urge the public-works plan upon the consideration of the national legislature. Although the report of his Committee on Recent Economic Changes, to mention only one source of information, should have warned the President that the excessive capacity of our industries would soon bring about over-stocked markets, a serious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decline in demand and an industrial recession, he did nothing to forestall or minimize these imminent evils. Less than four months later they were unmistakably operative.

To be sure, it is probable that Congress would not have heeded a recommendation to make the necessary provisions for a vast program of public works. This does not exculpate the President. If he had been the able economist and the courageous leader pictured by his propagandists, he would have put the plan before Congress in the hope of returning to it when the need became evident even to the average national legislator. Had he made this recommendation in April, he would have been in a position to repeat it with much more authority and persuasion at the opening of the regular session the following December. By that time the depression had become so palpable that it could no longer be denied or ignored. Inasmuch as Mr. Hoover failed to urge upon Congress in a practical way the plan that his spokesman had put before the governors in an academic way, he can justly be charged with some responsibility, not indeed for the beginning of the depression but for its depth and duration.

This responsibility has been considerably increased by the course that he followed since the disaster on the stock exchange. Very promptly and very laudably he summoned business leaders and labor leaders to confer on the critical situation. So far as they went, the conclusions and recommendations adopted by these conferences were entirely admirable. To keep up wages and purchasing power, to continue so far as feasible construction work in private industries, and to increase public building, were all helpful measures. Could they have been carried far enough they would have ended the depression within a month or two. As organized by the conferences, however, they proved utterly inadequate.

The reasons are obvious. An economist who knew human nature would not have expected a general fulfilment of the promise to maintain existing wage rates. An economist who was fully acquainted with the facts would have realized that industries unable to utilize all their present capacity would not undertake to expand their plants. Only the third element in the program of these conferences could have been made adequate to check the industrial decline. That was an increase in public works. To become really effective, this measure would have had to assume vast dimensions. A paltry increase of two or three hundred million dollars for federal buildings was clearly insufficient to relieve a depression that threatened to be among the greatest of recent times.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover seems to have persuaded himself that these puny devices would prove adequate. Toward the end of January the steel industry was able to show one week of increased output. Immediately the President announced that the trend of employment had changed in the right direction. His optimism was sadly discredited by all the industrial events and trends of the succeeding five or six weeks. On March 8 he again enacted the rôle of hopeful prophet, predicting a business recovery within sixty days. At the end of that period conditions were worse than they had been at the beginning. But Mr. Hoover's faith remained unfaltering. Six days before the close of the disconcerting sixty days he said to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States: "I am convinced we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover." Referring to his conferences with industrial leaders last November, he made this astonishing assertion: "I believe I can say with assurance that our joint undertaking has succeeded to a remarkable degree."

Again events have belied his optimistic prophecy. When he uttered it (May 2) business activity was only 12 percent lower than it had been twelve months earlier. At the end of July it had dropped to 19 percent below that of the same month in 1929. Mr. Hoover's assertion that the efforts of the November conferences to check the depression had "succeeded to a remarkable degree," is astonishing and inexplicable in the face of the facts. He must have been aware that the decline in business activity and employment had been continuous from the time of his conferences in autumn to the bright May day when he made this curious claim before the assembled representatives of American business.

A few days after this address he rejected a suggestion by the National Unemployment League that he ask Congress to authorize a very large expenditure for road building. Yet this was the only means whereby employment and purchasing power could have been sufficiently increased to bring the depression to an end within a reasonable time. Undoubtedly the President's refusal to adopt this recommendation was determined by his knowledge that it would involve a very large issue of federal bonds and therefore a considerable increase in federal taxes. His decision may be good politics, but it is poor economics. If the public-works remedy is to be effective at the approach of or during a major industrial depression, it cannot be financed through any current surplus in the treasury. The necessary amount of money can be obtained only through a sale of public bonds. A brief analysis of the economics of the situation will show that there is no good reason for shrinking from this expedient.

Certain important industries began to curtail production about a year ago because they could not sell all their current output. Yet there was in existence a social surplus, a reserve of purchasing power, sufficient to take the excess products off the market and to keep these industries in continuous operation. It failed to do so because it was not suitably distributed. Those consumers who would like to buy more had not the money. Those who had the money lacked the desire for more. What was needed then, what is still needed, is a redistribution of this social surplus, this reserve purchasing power. Such a redistribution occurs to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some extent through charitable assistance to the unemployed and the low income classes, and to a greater extent through the payment of unemployment insurance. All such provisions come out of the pockets of those who possess surplus incomes. Some of their purchasing power is transferred to those who desire to buy more goods. If this did not take place during a depression the condition of business would be even worse. Exactly the same principle and the same process are involved in the expenditure of public money for road building. In this case the social surplus is redistributed through taxation. Instead of investing their savings in industries which are already over-supplied with capital, men buy government bonds; later on they and the other possessors of a surplus are taxed to provide the interest and the sinking fund.

Such is the economics of the matter. We cannot have our cake and eat it. We cannot provide sufficient demand for goods to keep our industries going unless we redistribute the social purchasing power. We cannot go on indefinitely increasing our production, saying too much and spending too little. On the other hand, we can create public works in sufficient volume to redistribute purchasing power and to bring about a prompt revival of business only through heavier taxation of those who are able to pay. Moreover, the latter would gain more through the recovery of industry and the consequent increase of salaries, profits and interest, than they would lose through the increased taxation.

These elementary economic truths seem to have escaped President Hoover. At the moment when he was planning an increase of expenditures for public building last fall he was recommending a reduction of $160,000,000 in the federal income tax. Obviously the principles underlying these two measures are mutually contradictory. Instead of dissipating the $160,000,000 surplus through tax reduction, Mr. Hoover should have added it to the pitiably insufficient sum that he was devoting to public works for the relief of unemployment. He should have welcomed this opportunity. In advocating lower income taxes he seems to have been following the Coolidge-Mellon theory that business men would thereby be enabled and induced to put more money into industry. But industry did not need more money. It was already over-supplied. Not lack of money or credit for productive operations but lack of demand for goods already produced was the cause of the depression. Not more capital but more consumption was the fundamental need. The remitted income taxes became for the most part available to increase the existing superabundant supply of capital. Had the reduction not been made, $160,000,000 would have been available for increased public works, increased employment, increased consumption and increased business activity.

Quite recently Mr. Hoover has repeated this blunder. In order to avoid a threatened deficit in national finances, he has urged upon the various departments of the government a reduction in expenditures. At the same time he asserted that this course would not conflict with the program of providing employment through public construction. Well, an inherent contradiction cannot be annihilated by the simple device of denying its existence. Already it has become notorious that reducing expenditures in the departments means decreasing the number of employees and cutting down the outlay for materials. Part of the good effect of increased public construction is thus neutralized through decreased expenditures by the government departments. The President's purpose is obvious. He shrinks from the thought of having to call upon Congress for an increase in federal taxes. As we have seen, however, it is only through increased taxation that the purchasing power of the community can be so redistributed as to bring relief from the industrial depression. Mr. Hoover's course with regard to tax reduction and the decrease of departmental expenses is the authentic recourse of the politician. It exhibits neither the humane statesman nor the competent economist. In the meantime the depression is still with us and it still threatens to affect profoundly the coming November elections.

Second Coming

He found us like the deathly thief
In all our night of unbelief;

A new star, like the Magi's gem
Above a blind new Bethlehem,

He lighted up the little way
Of men lost fearfully in clay.

Firefly or foxfire he was not,
But some eternal burning spot,
Some faggot that the gods forgot,

Some alien torch that dropped in place
From bonfires on the fields of space;

With beauty almost blasphemous
He aureoled and haloed us.

And we who had not known before
The white of daisies by a door,
The white of cloud and sycamore,

Knew suddenly the feathered frond
Of angels' wings—and worlds beyond.

Though some men craven with their fear
Shaded their eyes when he grew near.

Some men who did not dread the glow,
Went close and were translucent so,
With souls like hexagons of snow.

For we who once were darkened glass
Thru which men's gazes could not pass,
Each opened and a rainbow was!

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

ODYSSEUS IN THE GOLDEN AGE

By GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"IF THE poet do his part aright," wrote Sir Philip Sidney, "he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Aeneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed." In Ulysses, according to Sidney, the things to be followed are temperance and wisdom; *faith* he would seem to have overlooked. But if you recall that memorable night when Odysseus declared himself to the Phaeacians, one thing should be clear enough. What he told them then was more than a splendid tale—it was a theory, almost a creed of travel, a structure which many poets helped to build who have not even the immortality of a footnote. And the gist of it was this: Your real traveler, the man who travels to any purpose, must expect to find other things in the sea than fish, nor be surprised upon landing if he encounter a cannibal giant with one eye in the middle of his head who is expert at making cheese. He must first see, then believe what he sees, then communicate his belief to other people. He must not reason with a miracle, nor laugh away a belief. He must have faith.

As a creed this was naturally difficult to kill. It persisted on and off until the end of the fourteenth century A. D., and numbered Herodotus and Pliny among its professors, in whom I imagine Odysseus to have had a partial reincarnation. And since of Odysseus it was said, through the indirect channels of Hecuba and Sir Thomas Browne, that "he cared not how meanly he lived, so he might find a noble tomb after death," that tomb would appear to be a Latin inscription in the Church of the Guillemins at Liége, which had disappeared by the end of the eighteenth century. This inscription attested the virtues of Sir John Mandeville, knight, who, toto quasi orbe lustrato, died in the year 1372. And Mandeville was cast in the mold of Odysseus more completely than any traveler before or afterward . . . so completely that Odysseus also died and was buried in the year 1372, and nothing except another deluge and consequently another earth, will ever bring him to life again.

This Mandeville is familiar to most of us as the author of the Voiage and Travayle, the record of his journeys to Jerusalem and the far East, a book which stirred the imagination and compelled the belief of two centuries, a book that is at once ridiculous, monstrous and sublime. Mandeville, like Odysseus, probably never existed at all. The real author was one Jean d'Outremouse, a rascally physician of Liége, and very much of a genius as well, who collected a number of travelers' tales, and screened himself behind a finer sounding name, so that what was really a library compilation might appear as authentic record of travel. The book was first written in French and then translated into Latin and English. It is something of a literary scandal, which we may safely leave to literary historians. To us Mandeville is two things—the fourteenth-century conception of a great traveler, and the name by which we recognize one of the finest of English translators. And the Voiage and Travayle is a great book, whatever its origin, and a difficult book to understand by the same token—difficult because we can no longer believe in it, and it is a book that was once believed in. To us it is fiction disguised as fact; to the fourteenth century it was fact. They had their fiction already, or what passed for it—their Guy of Nanteuil, Doon of Mayence, Aimery of Narbonne, Thibaut of Arraby and so forth. And because it counteracted the parochial tendencies of such reading, tendencies common to all conventional literature, the Voiage and Travayle was a very valuable book; and because it was received with enthusiastic belief, it should, for that reason alone, be of more than ordinary interest to every one of us.

Even upon the slight evidence of a few excerpts in almost any anthology it is possible to see that the substance of this book is truth, distorted truth, legend and plain fairy-tale; the manner deliberate and truthful; the style of great merit. Of this prose, indeed, much could be written. The English translation is so superior to its French original, and so far in advance of any contemporary prose, except Wyclif's, that it must be ranked with what, to my mind, are our two other great English translations—I mean Malory's Morte d'Arthur and Florio's Montaigne. A careless reader might consider Mandeville both awkward and quaint. He must remember that this English, struggling out of its middle period, was a harsh, involved and refractory medium. Mandeville, in relation to his time, is singularly unawkward. And quaintness—the unfamiliarity of the sound, meaning and appearance of words—is likely to confuse us in our distinction between what is good and bad until Dryden's triumphant essays and possibly beyond.

Moreover, though the fourteenth century had its poets, apart from Chaucer and Gower—the poets of Gawayne and The Pearl were artists and very well aware of it—prose was scarcely recognized as anything but a bald necessity. It was difficult to memorize and therefore difficult to recite. It could only reach a very limited public with a strange taste for what was lengthy and dull and moral—Michael of Northgate's Ayenbyte of Inwyt affords a good example. So that Mandeville and Wyclif stand alone. Wyclif wrote a more corporate prose—he had more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of continuity; but if we examine the structure of his sentence, we find Mandeville searching, when occasion arises, for the exact expression, the exact word or combination of words. This is a strange event for that time, and marks the enormous difference between him and contemporary translators, none of whom you will surprise in meditation before the word. Both Mandeville and Wyclif were often clumsy, dull, and obscure; that is only to be expected; they created none the less a body of prose that was not only conscious of its future but was also capable in some measure of anticipating it.

In his Epilogue Mandeville says that he had come home because of "gowtes artytykes"—arthritic gout, crippling him in his old age. He further declares that all the facts of his Travels are born out by a Latin book (we may guess *what* sort of book) "the whiche the Mappa Mundi was made after." Now the Mappa Mundi was one of those "thin-filled maps" in which the earth was shaped according to the taste of the cartographer and sometimes, one might almost imagine, according to the steadiness of his hand. With such a map as chart it is small wonder that Mandeville could travel among his fantastic landscapes and their monstrous inhabitants; for to have but one foot or no head, to be horned and hoofed and to grunt like a swine, to be covered with feathers, bearded like a cat, or to live entirely upon the scent of wild apples, was something only to be expected in a disorderly world. But the orderly world and the scientific map have no room for monsters. The strict advance of latitudes and longitudes has driven them from one stronghold to another. Some have found a last retreat in heraldry; but most of them have either disappeared altogether or sunk to something infinitely ungracious. The mermaid, for instance, is a dugong; the dragon is a sort of lizard; and the "ipotayne"—"Behemoth, that great monster"—is shrunk to the proportions of the creased hippotamus sitting in a pool in Central Park.

Mandeville's tomb cannot be found today, and his influence, like all things unscientific, was confined to an age of geographical unreason, and came to an end with the beginning of the seventeenth century. For even your Elizabethan, though he lived in what we call an age of great travel, was generally no more than a tourist; he went to Venice, as in these less expansive days we go to Paris, and came back hot-foot like Robert Greene with tales of having "seen and practised such villainy as it is abominable to describe." He was a tourist in the tradition of Mandeville, if you like, for these tales were responsible for much of the Italianate horror of Elizabethan tragedy; but in the tradition of Mandeville he had ceased to be a traveler. That tradition Chatterton might have revived and Jules Verne, too, but they were born too late. And the point at which Mandeville died was when the seacoast of Bohemia was not to be found upon the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.

But what has Mandeville, or rather the century that believed in him, to say to ours? It was not a communicative century. Most people who have read their Chaucer suppose him to have given a fairly comprehensive picture of it but Chaucer was far ahead of his time. The Prologue gives us the old figures in the new perspective; the Boke of the Duchesse, the House of Fame, give us the old convention in a new coat of paint, which Troilus and Criseyde destroys with the new psychology. We had better go back to Langland and listen to Ball. For this was a bitter, dirty, fumbling century, shifting uncertainly from old to new; an incoherent and angry century; a century that for all its native humor and courage and occasional graces, was cruel, surly and almost inarticulate. But underneath this crust it had one certain virtue—a singleness of spirit, a desire to believe, an enormous capacity for belief, which was not credulity, for credulity is the expense of belief upon mean objects; and whatever it believed it made worth believing, as in the case of Mandeville, where unbelief would have been a backward step. Let us consider whether this virtue has not, for the most of us, been dispersed into all sorts of curiosities; whether the ordinary man, to whom science is something of a demagogue, and who has a nodding acquaintance with a complicated system of universes, has not already lost whatever made that acquaintance worth cultivating. For the ostrich with his beak in the air is a confused and arrogant bird; but who knows what profound and simple experience may not be his when his head is buried in the sand?

As lacking faith and as lacking a dependence upon the world I live in, I cannot travel with Odysseus and Mandeville. I am unwillingly a scientific traveler; they were creative travelers. I cannot make a journey without being constantly reminded that I am not going with them, nor read a travel book without measuring the distance between us. For the modern travel book, however admirable its motives, however skilful its execution, can only satisfy curiosity. And so this must be in a world where mountains are measured and deserts mapped, where savages are classified and seas policed, where Odysseus landing on the Lotus Isle would have to show his papers, and Mandeville his passport on the frontiers of Armenia, where Turner harmlessly singing of "Chimborazo, Cotopaxi," or Flecker of Samarcand, will always find someone to tell him how many fleas go to make the one and how many pecks of dust the other. In such a world, so full of information, our most important travelers must be such as M. Paul Morand or Mr. Aldous Huxley, men who travel intelligently among bric-à-brac "ad jactationem magis quam ad usum reipublicae, to crack, gaze, see fine sights and fashions, spend time, yet it availeth howsoever." Not that scientific travel from Marco Polo onwards has not produced its own magnificences; but I cannot help feeling that if I am sent a colored postcard of Shanghai or a copy of Round the World on a Bicycle, I must give thanks to that same

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marco Polo: but that if anyone were disposed to send me an Alice in Wonderland, I should drop a tear for what is left of Mandeville. So widely has the gulf yawned between his conception of travel and ours, between that splendid theory we hear from the hall of Alcinous and a library in fourteenth-century Liége, and the literary fact we can buy for a dollar at the remainder counter in any drugstore.

We must say goodbye to Odysseus, as we have had to say goodbye to other things and other people, whom the seventeeth century killed and the eigtheenth century buried under a mass of Augustan marble. Like other Homeric characters, he looked for a fleshly habitation so that he could enjoy his world again. And the last time he found it was in the body of an old man, crippled with gout and very near his end. It was a far cry from the wine-dark sea and the wrath of Poseidon, for these were the last words of Odysseus:

> . . . wherefore I preye to all rederes and hereres of this boke, yif it please hem, that thei wold preyen to God for me . . . and alle tho that seyn for me a Paternoster, with an Ave Maria, that God foryeve me my synnes, I make hem partnerres and graunte hem parte of all the gode pilgrymages . . . that I have don.

This world is not so old that Hector, Achilles, Penelope and (thank heaven) Nausicaa, cannot be born into it again. The nature of their past does not deny them a future. But Odysseus . . . Odysseus has no future. Odysseus, alas, is dead.

THE "CATHOLIC" AUTHOR

By TERENCE O'DONNELL

RELIGIOUS surveys accord to Catholics a preponderance in proportion to our population. But apart from the satisfaction which accrues from such an overwhelming accession to the kingdom of God upon earth, the fact is that the percentage of Catholic authors in proportion to the population is very low—lower than in any other country. The books which are making their intellectual and spiritual impress on our era are not being written by Catholics.

This strikes one beholder as curious, since for some years I have been enabled to appraise scholastic promise in writing—and my vantage has not been a pedagogue's chair. For one thing, I have been blessed with a numerous progeny of nephews and nieces; and my work gives me close access to a modern printing plant where Catholic high school and college annuals are set up and bound. I recall tales of startling appeal—although their handling may have been atrocious. Amateurs imposed grandeur and glamor upon the clichéd, time-worn titles allotted them. Unconscious tricks of propinquity gave appalling visualization to utterly trite and insincere plots. Deft handlings of situations gladdened my casual eye and ensured a feeling of suspense, all the more maddening since I knew there would be no further elucidation unless the young author were given the privilege of "Continued in our next." Or, under names which betoken Celtic or Slavic origin, one found stories that constituted real social documents; eerie bits of mysticism too rare and valuable to be let dissipate entirely into graduation ether; poems with lines as authentic and bell-like as any line of Keats.

Of course there are the usual inane percentages. One lets them pass, jotting down instead the names of the embryo authors who show most distinct promise: names of young authors whose work shows them enormously preoccupied with the ancient problems of good and evil; intense idealists, warm with inspirations so exalted as to hurl them almost to "Excelsior" altitudes; natural born novelists, so astoundingly naive (and yet how alarmingly skilful!) in their ability to devise sophisticated plot, conversation and action. These often possess a most elementary and direct perception of each character's dramatic significance, and however unconscious their own artistic purpose with regard to them, one must confess to appraising fictitous personages instinct with individualism and vitality, all enveloped in a subtle air of realism accentuated by the natural defects of the writers' inmaturity. There was one young idealist, I recall, whose short article was a plea for world understanding and brotherhood through a federation of the youth of all countries.

One closes one's note-book, hopeful of being able to refer to one of these names sometime with a proud "I knew him when . . ." But the years of test and experience pass, and nothing happens except more annuals. And when one bears in mind that these high school and college annuals are but the shock troops of a whole horde of aspiring lesser schools unable to afford or not issuing annuals, but possessing an equally fecund aggregation of writing talent—well, one wonders. The baffled teachers must wonder, too. They are not to blame. They have dealt with youth immature and in the making. Short of pointing out the duality of man's nature, the struggle of good and evil, they must be proverbially discreet. All they can do, these teachers, is lay the foundation, give the proper sense of direction. The groundwork is there, as even the appearance of the manuscripts bears witness. Grammar, punctuation, spelling, all are beyond the average, and such as would do credit to many a veteran author, besides delighting the hard-worked compositor and printer's eye. So they send their young hopefuls forth, hoping with all their hearts that some day will see the budding promises fulfilled, their hopefuls established proudly as the outstanding Catholic authors of their generation. Not even a handful of exceptions arises to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prove the rule: The serious novels which today are leaving their impress upon the American scene are not being written by Catholics.

What happens to throw this blight upon a rare talent, deaden its yeasty effervescence, dam it utterly with inhibitions? For myself, I blame the Puritan tradition, the Pharisaical "Thou shalt nots" so alien to Catholic humanism and culture, and of whose concrete evidences at least one great Irish-American city has become such an outstanding example. The Puritans were undoubtedly a pious folk between what whiles they were murdering Indians; natural celibates, enjoying a Calvinistic aura of sanctity because they denied even a lustful thought the right to rest in their queasy souls. Their Catholic successors are like pilgrims admiring the portals of a magnificent cathedral, yet who dare not admit there may be confessionals inside. We know the stories they would prefer our young authors to write. The heroine is unbelievably beautiful and pious, and moves through her local color like meringue. After a pious and lingering adolescence, saccharinely and inadequately described in thirty-seven chapters, she enters the convent. Finis. Shades of mother superiors I have known! They had rather postulate a Helen Wills.

Of course Catholics are not the lone offenders in craving such drivel. I have a whole book-shelf of such howlers bearing the solemn and ancient imprint of the American Tract Society. In them the truly good did no wrong, and the awfully evil were adequately punished. They were squalls blowing toward the Catholic Church in the prevailing winds of the Reformation, and accorded with the beautiful and consoling doctrine of predestination. As such they were fit pap for a pioneer and Protestant generation which must needs fly to the solace of a pious and happy ending as an antidote for self-righteousness that somehow failed to fit. They were 50 percent pollyannic and 50 percent sadistic and their sermonizing should have made the past generation and our own excessively moral. I fear the clergy (and the police!) doubt whether we are.

Such writing was not only dishonest, but immoral as well, because it cloaked hypocrisy with the mask of gentility. Should the young Catholic author rebel thereat, and, realizing this is the age of realism, believe the realist carries his own justification in his writing, we may well beseech a kindly Maker to emancipate him from the enemies in his midst. As soon as he refuses to believe in the doctrine of the Pollyannas and hesitates to concede that, since God's in His heaven, all is right in His world, the family conclaves begin. They go into a huddle, pondering ways and means whereby they may best be shut of this distressing and distressful cuckoo. Why, if the black sheep is become social-minded, does he not become a priest, and overwhelm them with the bliss and honor of having a priest in the family? And, if he *must* write, why concern himself with the dung-heap? A beautiful heroine, a handsome hero, a chorus of smart and inane chatter—these would land him on the first train for Hollywood, with the family resting secure in shekelland and an adorable climate for the balance of their natural lives.

It is impossible to insist too strongly that such evil well-wishers may have lost sight of the fact that the young writer in their midst may be a realist, perhaps, but also a gentleman. As either, he is in direct line with the solid traditions of his faith. It is true that Chaucer, that enfant terrible, was a Catholic, and that since his day our reading tastes have willy-nilly become of a less robust and more refined order. But true development of the Catholic writer will not come hedging him about with inhibitions, by denying man's fallen state, by denying the truth of realism. The development of the Catholic writer into an American novelist who will be able to leave his mark on our literature can be accomplished, not by repression, not by loftily granting him the questionable and sterile freedom of a refusal of our recognition, but by according him wit and intelligence enough to mate his talent and art to the tolerably manageable plot-content of the novels his conception projects.

If this is done we may feel sure the Catholic author will broaden and become truly catholic. He will not harp exclusively upon the low manifestations of human instinct, of human nature. Being catholic he will accord to all vices and virtues their proper values in relation to the concerns of human life. Artist as he is, cognizant of form, he knows only too well that exclusive pedaling of the Freudian pedal not only is fallacy, but conduces to vapidity. We may secure a whiff of the dung-hill, but in its proper relation to the flowers, the birds, the woods and meadows of life. And when we have closed his book with his exposition of the Catholic theory of life and truth we will concede that the work did warrant his bold handling of subjects not elevating in themselves, perhaps, but vital to the lights and shadows of a true portrayal of human nature.

All this is more important than it appears. If ever there was a time when we need Catholic writers to apprise us of the things of art and the spirit, that time is now. Insidious forces are denaturing sin so as to deceive even the elect. The libido has been unchained, and we are illy fitted to cope with the Frankenstein it has become. During our Catholic writers' forced silence the American novel has taken form, and alien forces have laid down the warp of what the critics are pleased to term our national literature. The American tongue, even, has already undergone a process of development which secularizes the meanings of words, and makes them far different symbols to the minds of Catholics than our own logic indicates that they mean. There are, of course, outstanding works by non-Catholic novelists which do not fall into this genre. It may pique us to remember that it was not a Catholic novelist who wrote Death Comes for the Archbishop, but we should take comfort from learn-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing that Willa Cather has confirmed the Catholic novel in its tenure mainly by demonstration of its value and precise significance in American life. It is unfortunate that it was left to an outsider of the household of the Faith to accomplish this, but the sortie upon our literary riches may be of value if we take from it a lesson in approach. We may well question if, on our side, the Catholic novelist has not a greater advantage of perspective to bring to his own contemplation of the American scene.

The Catholic author is trained in symbolism, since his is a faith intensely symbolistic; therefrom he can draw the perceptive and almost clairvoyant faculty for assaying and appraising the symbolical portents in American life. As a guide toward that elusive thing called "form" he has the ever-recurrent drama of the Mass; that Roman Mass which, as Fortescue truly remarks, embodies the classic procession and climactic perfection of Attic drama. He has the measured cadence of Gregorian chant from the Proper of the Mass and Vespers—sound anchorages in an age of jazz. In an era when ideals and formulas are tossed into the dust-bin the Catholic author has the sound foundations of good logic, and a philosophy almost absurdly elastic because so wholly free. Its premises are simple. First, man is a free, if fallen, agent on trial in a place of probation allowed him by his Creator; and second, man's Creator, God, is a benevolent and merciful Father able and willing to help man achieve the destiny of a blessed hereafter.

No author worthy of the name arrives at his pinnacle of achievement without enough refusal slips to paper the walls of his den. Despite the occasional freaks of best sellers, few authors can hope to sustain life unless in addition to their writing talent, they make use of their common, every-day talent, and contact themselves with bread-and-butter through a regular job. "The life so short, the craft so long to learn" often postpones his success until maturity, if ever, and his development and mastery and power of expression are often tragically come by. It argues a nasty sort of piety to hold that a sincere writer may not write the things apt to hurt the sensibilities of pious souls who have no desire to dissociate the true from the good, without conceding that the bulk of his work does give precedence to passages and people capable of awakening our love and admiration, and bringing us into greater intimacy with ourselves.

Vintage

I did not pick the grapes that you let fall,
No more have ever grown upon the vine,
You were so very big; and I so small;
How could I know they might be changed to wine!

Now, from the loam I gather memories,
Far sweeter than the very oldest wine!
And when we know eternal mysteries,
The grapes that you let fall I'll know are mine!

SISTER M. EULALIA.

ARCHBISHOP WAREHAM

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THERE are men in history of whom one gets glimpses and not full views, and of whom one wishes that one could get not only full views but a close intimacy because one feels instinctively that they were worth much more than their contemporaries who made more noise and got more limelight. One of these is the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, in direct continuity with Saint Augustine: Archbishop Wareham.

He was not the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, for Cardinal Pole had that melancholy honor more than twenty years after Wareham died. He was not the last Archbishop in direct continuity with Saint Augustine to be in communion with Rome and to carry on the unbroken Catholic doctrine—to say the Mass common to all western Christendom, to receive the pallium from the Pope—for such things still belonged to Cranmer, his successor, who broke with them. But he was the last man who lived and died in the See of Canterbury as his predecessors had lived and died, in an unchanging stream for nearly a thousand years.

He was a man who profoundly affected his contemporaries. It would be for the benefit of history if our own time were as much moved by his character as those contemporaries were. Erasmus was both moved to humility in his presence (and that is saying a great deal considering how self-satisfied that great scholar was—especially in his fame) and moved also to sincere and enthusiastic praise. He noticed how the Primate of All England entertained his guests, his lavish table, his own abstemiousness, his interest in all the conversation around, the affection which all bore for him, the dignity and perhaps the holiness of his presence. Wareham seems to have had something fine and silvery about him which no one who met him missed.

In reading of him what seems to be the most characteristic and at the same time the finest mark in him is his concentration on the things that mattered and his indifference to things local, ephemeral and personal. He had had his doubts upon the right of Prince Henry's marriage with Catherine of Aragon, the nominal widow of Henry's brother, and he had expressed them at a time when it was not convenient to express them. He was much more just than most of his contemporaries in understanding the peril to society which lay in the new movement of uncriticized reform, and of violent undisciplined reaction against the corruptions of the time. He warned Wolsey against them; and speaking of Wolsey, it is most estimable in Wareham that he was entirely devoid of any pride or worldliness or even vanity in the face of that overwhelming figure.

Wareham was chancellor; that is, not only chief minister but almost only minister of the crown. When the post was taken away from him to be given to the young King's new favorite, a bold, strong domineering man, Wareham seems to have accepted the change as a matter of course, and even with relief. He was legate of the Pope for life, by virtue of his office, legatus natus, ex officio legate as being Archbishop of Canterbury; yet when this towering new figure of Wolsey's overshadowed that ancient dignity by becoming legate a latere and assuming nearly all the papal powers in England, had his cross borne before him in the Archbishop's presence, and superseded as it were the Archbishop's ancient jurisdiction, Wareham took it as simply as he had the transference of the chancellorship. There is a wonderful contrast between the two men, and all in Wareham's favor. If ever there was a man ruined by ambition, that is, by the preference of self-glory to one's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duty, it was Wolsey: and that was why Wolsey failed. If ever there was a man who cared nothing for ambition it was Wareham.

This in fine should be carefully noted. Until Wareham died, Henry VIII dared not arrange for his marriage with his wife to be annulled in England. He had despaired of having it annulled in Rome. The only authority which could half satisfy him and give the divorce an appearance of legality was the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of All England. To do that piece of dirty work Henry had already picked his man (all unknown to his victim), the subservient scholar, Cranmer. He knew that the moment Wareham died his way to his piece of wickedness was free, but the remarkable thing is that all-powerful as he was, he dared not take that way until Wareham was dead. His hesitation speaks more for Wareham's character than anything else which could be quoted.

The man was old, he died well after his eigthieth year. Until he died Henry and Anne Boleyn could not move. And yet he did not die until three good years after the attempt to get the annulment in the regular way through papal action had manifestly failed.

Why, then, did such a man consent to what seems to us the turning-point: the admission of Henry's supremacy over the Church? I think I can answer that question. It was because he did not think of it as we do.

We, who know what was to come, and who know what meaning was to be attached to the word "supremacy," think of that fatal vote given by the clergy of England as the determining moment. So we now know it to be. But they did not know it. There was no change in any doctrine or in any part of the ritual. The relation with Rome continued; in nine things out of ten the crown had had the main power for generations. There was an instinct of peril in the aid but also a habit of security. No one dreamed that unity was broken and that through the breach thus made, the ruin of Christian life would come pouring in at last. It seemed at the time no more than a passing political thing. And Wareham, who was a saintly man, hesitatingly, reluctantly, but with no passion of fear, consented.

It is a terrible lesson in the necessity of refusing all compromise in essential things.

Poem for Any Woman

Now that all possible chance
Of all you ever asked is gone from you,
What then?—Why, go and dance,
Love your bright-flowered shawl, your scarlet shoe,
But first make smooth the ashes of this fire
Lest anyone should see them and enquire.

Build little pageantries
Of these long years that you have yet to live,
And make your life of these,
Finding bright tiny toys to take and give,
But leave no space in close-inhabited hours
To turn your eyes back to these broken towers.

For when all jocund days
Have been danced down, one breath will be last breath,
And you may let mirth fall from you (your ways
Freed in that gravity allowed to death);
And let your lips set straight, and for reward,
Press close, in that one blessed hour, this sword.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

COMMUNICATIONS

PLACES AND PERSONS

Laredo, Tex.

TO the Editor:—The advent of the publication of the numerous Outlines in practically every field of study apparently brought in its wake the various "book of the month" clubs; these, together with a certain group of periodicals are all, in the last analysis, endeavoring to impress upon the reader the alleged fact that they are rendering him a particular character of service(?) in that they provide him with the proper mental viands, so that he need not be put to the trouble, himself, of separating the wheat from the chaff. They would determine what, in their opinion, is mentally indigestible and discard it for him, overlooking all the while the important fact that a healthy mind, not unlike a healthy body, must have something indigestible every day to keep it up to par.

However, there is still another, and in my opinion, more apparent reason why the reader suffers as a result of these innovations. Reading matter as such is being poured into the retort and boiled down to the point where whatever remains is merely a residue—predigested mental food—which is being served to the reader in as few words as possible, with the purpose in view of keeping him well-informed on matters of current moment. In other words, the element of play in reading has been practically eliminated.

During the past few months, however, I have again found a haven that each week provides a looked-for breathing spell, when I may silence the radio, "light up," and for some fifteen or twenty minutes know that in reading Places and Persons in The Commonweal I am doing so not because it furnishes me with information that I am "supposed to have," or that I am thereby "keeping myself well-informed," but that I am doing so solely to enjoy the element of play in reading, if you would so term it. Still, I must confess that there is possibly another urge that prompts me to read Places and Persons—each has been a literary gem of the first water. But now I had better pause; otherwise, were I to advise others what to read and why, I would in the nature of things be presenting myself as an ideal subject of my own criticism.

EDWARD H. LANGE.

NEO-PAGANISM

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—For some months, Mr. Harvey Wickham and I have been discussing neo-paganism in these columns. Lately, we have been discussing ourselves. Mr. Wickham complains that the discussion has become "intolerably personal." I hope it has; that is, I hope it has become personal without being intolerable. For, while I have but a mild interest in what Mr. Wickham thinks about his misbehaviorists, impuritans and unrealists, I have a deep interest in what Mr. Harvey Wickham thinks about Mr. Harvey Wickham.

My kindly correspondent will doubtless retort that his personal beliefs are his own. In point of fact, he has already indicated as much, refusing to accept me in lieu of a father confessor. Yet Mr. Wickham is obviously ready for some sort of confession. He has such definite notions concerning the deficiencies of paganism, that he must have equally clear-cut convictions concerning the virtues of Christianity. He does not believe in unbelief, like Mr. George Santayana. He is a Catholic, "politically, and in philosophy." As such, he is representative of a large group, which is Catholic in sympathy,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without being Catholic. Now I have no difficulty in comprehending Mr. Santayana's thoroughgoing scepticism, but I do find it hard to understand the mental processes of the Catholic non-Catholic. I should like to understand them better. Perhaps Mr. Wickham, to whom I am already greatly indebted, will enlighten me.

DONALD POWELL.

Denver, Colo.

TO the Editor:—One gathers from Mr. Harvey Wickham's ipse dixit on neo-paganism in The Commonweal of July 23 that we innocent bystanders are hereafter to be spared the painful sight of his mental and metaphysical contortions. As for Mr. Powell, his adversary, more power to him. It is more gratifying to see a Catholic like Mr. Powell defending some aspects of paganism than it is to see a non-Catholic like Mr. Wickham damning all moderns while he poses as a superior sort of universal Catholic non-Catholic non-Protestant non-pagan sage.

I, for one, as an old and loyal subscriber to The Commonweal, hope that you will in the future show more of a tendency to encourage broad-mindedness *in* the Church (represented by such as Mr. Powell) instead of smart-alecks outside the Church (page Mr. Wickham) whose only claim on the readers of The Commonweal is that they too despise obvious stupidities like prohibition and politico-religious bigotry, and that they practise word-juggling in the manner (but far from the spirit) of Mr. Chesterton.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

VALUES IN LITERATURE

Hubbard Woods, Ill.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for August 6 there is an editorial in which occurs this sentence: "With the possible exception of Father Tabb, no Catholic author has written a book that cannot be bought in good condition for a dollar." I shall be very glad to pay a bonus of 100 percent for any volume of Louise Imogen Guiney's poetry or prose your editorial writer will purchase for me in good condition for one dollar.

Before Hoover prosperity descended upon us I collected twenty-one volumes of Miss Guiney's, paying from $3.50 to $20.00 a volume. Her latest book of poems, Happy Ending, was quoted at $27.50 last year and I have been told that a good copy can be had at the present time for $45.00. Doubtless you see why I am so interested in having that editorial writer do my buying for me.

HELEN E. PRICE.

THE PARIS OF DU MAURIER

Topeka, Kan.

TO the Editor:—Immaterial, perhaps, but to keep the record straight: Peter Ibbetson—a better novel than Trilby—was Du Maurier's first effort in fiction.

MARCO MORROW.

The title page and index for Volume XI of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume XI in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Old English

GALSWORTHY is, at heart, a cheap and shallow sentimentalist. He has, of course, a real power of verbal imagery which gives his portraits of English life and character atmospheric depth. Few writers can evoke an English countryside with more apt magic—as in The Patrician, for example, where he describes the night view of a great estate, with the distant trees looking like "huge cattle, knee deep in moon dust." He has also a sharply sensitized feeling for character and tradition and the interaction of lives. But this feeling and his verbal facility in conveying it cover one of the thinnest mentalities that has ever risen to prominence in English literature. Charm, grace and dramatic instinct lack the balance of interior substance.

This lack of balance and inner stability lead him to devote much pains and vast ability to setting up situations reeking with false sentimentality. One of his plays, Escape, spent two hours in showing the perfectly natural reactions of a varied British public to an escaped convict and supposed murderer. The audience, of course, was carefully shown the man's innocence from the first scene. Hence the audience was always disposed to resent the uncharitable and harsh judgments of the other characters in the play. The false note in the whole contraption rang from the fact that the play characters had no possible way of knowing what the audience knew. The audience, like Mr. Galsworthy himself, was thus able to feel vastly superior to everyone in the play in charity and understanding. This assignment of false values to normal situations is one of the first and most irritating symptoms of the shallow sentimentalist.

Old English, the play based on a short sketch called The Stoic, is a typical product of Galsworthy at his sentimental worst. I disliked it as a stage play, and I find the talking screen version equally unpalatable. I even find that the nature of the piece leads George Arliss to do some of his very worst work—resorting to the most obvious and time-worn tricks as a substitute for true acting and showing a painful consciousness of his audience. Both play and acting fall far below the standard set by Disraeli.

Galsworthy's trick on this occasion is to create a false aura of sympathy for an intensely selfish and self-indulgent old man. For this purpose, Galsworthy uses the ancient wheeze of making nearly all the other characters either crooks or unspeakable prigs or imbeciles. The only character who roundly upbraids old Sylvanus Heythorpe for a crooked deal is a blackmailer. The only character who resents the presence of an illegitimate family in the offing is Heythorpe's puritanical old-maid daughter. It is also worth noting that the apparent good heartedness of the old reprobate is just one more form of selfishness—the desire to provide property for his own blood. Toward human beings in general he shows cynical disdain. Toward his own he is kind—because they are his own and not some one else's brood. In the end, rather than suffer disgrace and the loss of his "independence," he commits suicide through deliberate over-indulgence in vast quantities of food, champagne, port and brandy—knowing from the doctor's warnings that apoplexy will be the almost certain result. The detailed staging of this gluttony-suicide is the climax of the play.

The combined prestige of Arliss and Galsworthy tend, of course, to obscure these rather obvious points. The suicide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meal is greeted by the audience as a masterpiece of acting. Cynicism is raised to a triumphant peak by all the sentimentalized trappings. Heythorpe is neither a real stoic nor a recognizable type of English character. He is simply a world-wide type of unscrupulous self-indulgence playing under a rose-colored spotlight and against utterly false contrasts. The play is a first-class literary hoax.

Romance

EDWARD SHELDON'S play, which achieved vast reclaim through the acting of Doris Keane some fifteen years ago, has been revived on the talking screen with the helpful stimulus of Greta Garbo's art. The plot, it may be recalled, concerns the memories of his youth revived by a minister when he is called upon to advise his grandson. The boy thinks the old man cannot understand romance. The minister then tells of his own early love for Cavallini, the great operatic star, of his discovery that her love had been given too lavishly to others, and of their failure to marry because of his inability to understand how much he needed her. There is considerable glamor in the telling of the story, much of the usual oversentimentalizing of Cavallini's character, and a general tendency to exalt romance at the expense of sterner responsibilities. But on the whole, life is pretty much met and accepted on its own terms, as a mixture of weakness and courage, with weakness bringing its inevitable consequences in a way that authors of 1930 seldom recognize.

As a screen revival, the most important aspect of Romance is its revelation of the ever-increasing effectiveness of Greta Garbo as an actress. At the moment, she ranks head and shoulders above other emotional actresses of the screen—with the possible exception of Ann Harding in a slightly different sphere. Miss Garbo achieves an extraordinary harmony between facial expression and bodily movement and speech. Actresses of the older emotional school might find fault with her perpetual understatement. But this, I believe, is her great concealed strength. Outbursts, such as those which Nazimova once indulged in, are hardly a part of her equipment. Her facial expression accomplishes more than a torrent of words. This, of course, reflects one of the benefits of the screen as a medium. The human face is so small in a large theatre that many of its finer modulations are lost. But the screen, through enlargement, enables the actor to transcribe the most delicate shades of emotion, of pity, love, scorn, irony or rippling humor, with perfect fidelity and the assurance that it will be seen and understood.

Incidentally, one of the most interesting developments in Miss Garbo's work is her comedy technique. The earlier scenes of Romance give her an excellent opportunity, which she accepts with quick and delicate assurance. Not the least part of this achievement is her use and timing of English. Many native actresses do not realize how dependent comedy effect becomes upon the exact timing of a phrase—upon the lingering syllables and quick turns of speech which give a point all its charm. Mrs. Fiske is past mistress at this art of timing, and Ethel Barrymore runs her a close second. Curiously enough, considering that English is a foreign tongue to her, Miss Garbo is quite as successful in this delicate matter of word timing as in facial expression and bodily movement. Her popular appeal to large masses of people is something far different from mere beauty or cheap sensationalism. Like the art of Charlie Chaplin, that of Miss Garbo goes back to deep fundamentals, and wins recognition through sincere and careful study and expert rendition.

BOOKS

Germany's Idol

The Biography of President von Hindenburg, by Rudolf Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2. 50.

THAT a biography of President von Hindenburg should be devoted to such an extent to the consideration of his military career is perhaps not unreasonable. Nor is it abnormal that this part of the book should prove least attractive though not entirely without value to the civilian-minded reader. As chief point of interest it reveals that astounding degree of simplicity of mind required to accept the ideology of army life and training from cadet school to his retirement as field-marshal general of all the forces of the empire. For it is the revelation of this simplicity, finding fulfilment and happiness in the soldier's calling with its hard and narrow code of duty and loyalty, which is the key to Hindenburg's success as the civilian president of republican Germany.

It is more than five years now since Paul von Hindenburg, recalled from his second retirement, once more set the nations aghast, this time by his acceptance of the nomination for the presidency of the young German republic and his election to that office by more than fourteen million votes. A strange way this seemed to be, even to the few well-wishers Germany had regained by that time, for a defeated and distrusted nation to reëstablish respect and faith among its former enemies. But what was accepted as evidence of the German people's ineptitude in the game of international diplomacy proved the inherent soundness of their sense of political propriety in domestic affairs and, soon after, in the field of foreign relations as well. For what greater wisdom could have dictated the choice of a Hindenburg, defender and idol of the old army, faithful servant of his majesty and military over-lord, to become the president of the republic and thereby to throw the weight of his personality and reputation in the balance on the side of the new order? To be sure, Weterstetten and Watson do not state the case in language as bold as that, but it is thus that the situation unfolds itself to the reader. Nor did all who, after the first futile ballot, favored his nomination, hold such a lofty view. For many his nomination was but a political maneuver to secure the election for the nationalist bloc of the right in the hope of enlisting Hindenburg's prestige in their opposition to the republic, the Treaty of Versailles, and the subsequent commitment assumed thereunder. On the other hand, among the more than fourteen millions voting for Hindenburg, many there were who looked forward to his election as the providential deliverance of Germany from gradual disintegration in consequence of the ruthless conflict of political parties, of employer and laborer, religious and racial groups, and above all as the result of the debasing want of confidence and self-respect of the people.

As the preservation of morale was the essence of life of Hindenburg the soldier, so it became the guiding norm of Hindenburg the president. With this singleness of purpose he let it be known that he would do and give all for the fatherland but nothing for the party. For the sake of morale he has time and again warned the wrangling party chiefs to come to a speedy agreement on their choice for nominations for cabinet posts. For the sake of morale he has visited the various states, assuring them of their constitutional right to local autonomy, and bidding for their loyalty to nation and Reich. For the sake of morale he has pleaded for religious and racial toleration and for a policy of live and let live between capital and labor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morale in Hindenburg's ideology signifies above all unity of purpose and action; it implies a national sense of loyalty and duty. In every address, in every public announcement, he stresses the need for unity, loyalty to the past, and duty to the present. Whether Hindenburg, in doing so, instinctively follows his training or whether he has the vision to see that Germany's situation calls for just what he has to give, is difficult to decide at this time. Whether Weterstetten's and Watson's somewhat optimistic interpretation of the results of his indefatigable labors is correct may seem doubtful to the reader of a hostile party press. But if the esteem in which Hindenburg the president is held by the outside world today means anything at all, it is indicative of the expectation that Hindenburg's presidency will be marked as a period of spiritual regeneration and material restoration of Germany.

Perhaps it is the singleness of purpose and simplicity of character of Hindenburg the soldier, and Hindenburg the president, which have determined the diction and treatment of Weterstetten and Watson the biographers. For their little book is written in a manner slightly didactic but altogether rather charmingly unpretentious.

JOHANNES MATTERN.

A Great Teacher

Essays and Addresses, by John Burnet; with a Memoir by Lord Charnwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

THE essays and addresses that make up this book have been put together, as Lord Charnwood tells us in his Memoir, as a fitting and characteristic memorial to "a great teacher and a great scholar." The volume, of course, shows him chiefly as the scholar, but something of what he was as a teacher can be learned from the brief Memoir which is prefixed as a preface.

The subjects dealt with by Professor Burnet in these essays and addresses range all the way from the meaning of law and nature in Greek ethics to German Kultur. The reader, however, will find no difficulty in discovering a bond of unity in them in the evidence they afford of Professor Burnet's lifelong interest in humane letters as represented especially in the Greek classics and more particularly in Plato.

Professor Burnet expressly disclaims the title of philosopher, yet philosophy is surely indebted to him for two important works on the history of Greek philosophy, and what he has to offer in the way of interpretation of Platonism, though it may be challenged at times, must always be given a respectful hearing on the merits of its scholarship.

The reader will no doubt discover in the essays and addresses a certain finality and even dogmatism. This can be explained by the fact that Professor Burnet was essentially a teacher, and never really stepped out of the rôle. What he believes he says positively and forcibly, but at the same time he is always able to offer for his belief a reason that cannot be merely brushed aside. It is not out of keeping with his Platonism that he should believe in form rather than in matter; that he should hold the strength of a classical training to lie in the formal discipline it gives; and that he should deplore the tendency he found growing to stress the matter rather than the form in the teaching of the classics. Does this seem old fashioned in the light of modern theories of education? Perhaps; but it is something to the credit of the older idea that it could produce a man like Professor Burnet, who not only knew things about the classical literatures, but knew and loved the literatures themselves.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MEN'S CLOTHING
FOR AUTUMN

No matter how one judges an Altman Suit—by fabric, by cut, by tailored detail—there is but one verdict: as fine a garment as can be offered at its particular price. Altman Suits for Autumn are carried out in the traditional Altman Manner. Priced, $50 to $95

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING
ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York

Justine Ward Method, Courses I, II, III, IV, V
Gregorian Chant (Music IV)
Gregorian Accompaniment
Liturgical Singing and Choir Conducting
Theory, Ear Training, Sight Reading, Melody Writing
Harmony I, II—Counterpoint I, II
Polyphony—Boy Choir—Musical Appreciation
Vocal Production — Organ — Violin — Piano

Victor Records of Gregorian Chants
Pius X Choir conducted by Justine Ward

Lessons in all the above subjects privately or in class
For further information, address the Secretary—Audubon 3663

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
6928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

MALVERN
Prep School
RESIDENT and Day School. Augustinian Fathers. 163-acre campus. Gymnasium. Lake. Athletic field. Supervised sports. New buildings and equipment. Preparation for leading colleges and technical schools. Lower school for 8th grade boys. Fall term opens September 24, 1930. Catalog. Rev. Philip L. Colgan, M.A., O.S.A., Head Master, Malvern, Pa.

Summer and Fall Vacation Trips—Cruises
Europe, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, St. Lawrence and Saguenay, Bermuda, Porto Rico, Havana and West Indies. California (Water-Rail), The Great Lakes, Motor Coach and Rail Tours to New England and Canada. To those considering THEIR VACATION PLANS will be pleased to mail descriptive literature and submit itineraries on request.
Write for Program of Conducted Trip to Washington, D. C., for Meetings National Conference Catholic Charities Society St. Vincent De Paul. Sept. 27th-Oct. 1st. Going Rail—Returning Steamer via Norfolk.
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Phone: Murray Hill 8390

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Syosset, (Long Island), N. Y.
Boarding School for Girls
Affiliated with the State University
ELEMENTARY, HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMERCIAL DEPTS.

BELMONT SCHOOL FOR BOYS
BELMONT, CALIFORNIA
Conducted under the auspices of the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco.
Upper and Lower Schools. Fully accredited.
Rev. JAMES J. McHUGH, A.M., *Headmaster*

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

On the Spanish Main

Ferdinand Magellan, by E. F. Benson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

ONE of The Golden Hind Series on the lives and doings of the great explorers, this book is delightful either as history or biography. Mr. Benson respects his subject and his reader, who is permitted to recover for himself the age and spirit of the great voyage through facts directly presented, not through the haze of an author's complexes, after the modern fashion of "psychological interpretation" in biography.

Magellan the man has been lost in the blazing glory of his one achievement. There is pathos and a moral in this, and in the fact that his accomplishment—the greatest of its kind for all time—was technically a failure. Yet the best historical fruits may be gleaned from the details about the man himself, his background and surroundings, his motivations as well as his objectives. Magellan was actuated by the most traditional as well as the most progressive incentives; he represented as well as contributed to his era. He was typical of an age that was both conservative and progressive in its ideals.

With fine literary skill Mr. Benson helps us to know Magellan as the facts prove him to have been: a little, lame swarthy man with a piercing eye and vision; lonely, formidable, silent but on fire within; dignified, self-reliant; of an indomitable courage shown less by his refusal to turn back although reduced to eating the leather from the yard-arms than by setting sail at all with foreknowledge of a mutiny; a character of rather terrible steel, swift, incisive, ruthless when need be, like a sword, but like it not inflexible; a commander who showed consummate tactics and seamanship in mutiny at St. Julian's; a great sailor but a great Christian, too; as splendid as the age to which he owed and contributed his fame.

R. M. PATTERSON, JR.

The Brownings

Andromeda in Wimpole Street: The Romance of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Dormer Creston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

TO LOVERS of literature it will be agreeable to come upon a work which presents literature as one of the highest expressions peculiar to the human race. This Andromeda in Wimpole Street by Dormer Creston, a narrative, not fiction, of the strange and poignant romance of the Brownings, does successfully not only because of its subject but also because of its own high quality.

Whosoever says we do not progress from the savage, should read the terrific scenes of Victorian family life. And who likes animals, will enjoy Flush, the spaniel—his refusal to eat cream cheese on toast unless salt had been added, his devotion to his mistress and his biting of Browning because the latter carried an unbrella.

Browning devotees may find the book a little elementary. But even they will undoubtedly enjoy having the famous letters of the two lovers identified with the background of the action, the mundane rather than the mental life, of the principals. And beside the Brownings are glimpses of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlysle—who says to the Browning infant aged two, "Why, sir, you have as many aspirations as Napoleon!"—and George Sand. If the love-making seems at times a little prolix and attenuated, it at least leads one to profound speculations on the possibilities of refinement.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Briefer Mention

Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor, by MacGregor Jenkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

MR. JENKINS tells us with great charm what he remembers of Miss Dickinson, who was a grown-up playmate of his childhood. The picture seems true to everything one knows about life in a quiet New England town of the seventies. That that town should have contained a poet of real genius is no excuse for supposing it to have differed from others of its sort, or for supposing her to have differed, except in her great ability, from her fellow townswomen. Nor does Mr. Jenkins give any other impression. Miss Emily was like all cultivated Amherst women, except that she towered far above them in sympathy, in wit, in knowledge, in love of nature. It was a difference, an incalculable difference, in degree, not in kind. To suppose her a neurasthenic recluse is to do her memory a decided injustice. This little book also embalms and explains many of those Japanese poems which were Emily Dickinson's letters to her friends, young and old. One cannot forbear quoting one, an acknowledgment of a child's gift: "Will the sweet child who sent me the butterflies, herself a member of the same etherial nation, accept a rustic kiss, flavored, we trust, with clover?" No collection of books about Miss Dickinson can be complete without this unpretentious volume.

King Mob, by Frank K. Notch. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THE author of this excited treatise, disguised under the cacophonus pseudonym of Frank K. Notch, seems to be much distressed at the gregariousness of the human race. He points out, with spirit and wit, the modern manifestations of unthinking conventionalism—the anti-intellectual effect of publicity, of fashion, of patriotism, of uncritically accepted rationalistic science. He rails at the unthinking sheep-mind of contemporary man, just as numberless moralists have done for centuries before him. Individual action, especially when it is directed against established convention, has always been rare; there is no reason to suppose that it has suddenly become rarer or will suddenly become more common. And thus King Mob, though an entertaining book, and one with which every thinking person must have sympathy seems rather futile. Perhaps Mr. Notch would be more useful if he busied himself by setting an example of fearlessly finding the right and following it, despite all mobs, rather than by fuming in public for reasons beyond his control.

Houdon in America; edited by Gilbert Chinard. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $3.50.

THE Institut Français, of Washington, offers as its fourth Cahier a collection of documents and studies relative to the American career of Jean-Antoine Houdon, the French sculptor of the eighteenth century who made busts of almost all the celebrities of his time. His most important American works are his statue of Washington, for which the father of his country sat patiently and hospitably, and a bust of Lafayette ordered by Virginia. Although almost all the Revolutionary patriots admired his work and yearned for his guarantee of their immortality, they were unable to solve all Houdon's monetary difficulties with Congress and other bodies. The present monograph is an interesting and important commentary on the entire history. Professor Chinard's introduction is particularly valuable. It need hardly be added that the volume, like all those issued by the Institut, is unusually attractive.

Academy of ST. ELIZABETH

CONVENT STATION, NEW JERSEY

REGISTERED, UNIVERSITY OF STATE OF NEW YORK

APPROVED DEPT. OF PUBLIC INST. OF NEW JERSEY

College Preparatory and Sub-Preparatory Courses

Member Association Colleges and Secondary Schools, Middle Atlantic States and Maryland

No Summer Boarders

APPLY DIRECTRESS

Telephone Oakland 2208

Miss Sara Benedicta O'Neill

BOOKDEALER for the CHICAGO CALVERT CLUB

At home Tuesdays, afternoon and evenings. Other times by appointment. Tea.

Books useful and interesting to Catholics

4554 Greenwood Avenue CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BOY LEADERSHIP

LECTURE AND CORRESPONDENCE COURSES for volunteer group and club leaders

Boy Guidance
Play Leadership
First Aid
Nature Lore
Parish Recreation
Health & Hygiene

For information apply to

BOYS BRIGADE INSTITUTE
316 West 85th Street
NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mount Regis Christi

FOR GIRLS. *Junior and Senior High School.* 100 miles from New York in beautiful Shawangunk Mountains, at 1200 ft. above the sea. Accredited. Special Prep for "College Boards." Music, Art and Secretarial. Swimming, Tobogganing, Hockey, Golf, Riding on School's own horses over Schools's estate of 500 acres of Forest, Hill and Stream. Via Ontario & Western R.R. or auto Route 17 and 6-N (3 hour's ride from New York City). For information write SISTER DIRECTRESS, Box C, Wawarsing, N. Y. or Telephone Ellenville 254.

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees

PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION.

Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students

Catalogues on application to the Secretary

To the Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York

A LASTING REMEMBRANCE

The Framing of Your Perpetual Membership Certificate
or That of Your Dear Departed
Will Be a Remembrance of Your Charity to Catholic Missions
and Also of the Spiritual Benefits From the Masses,
Prayers, and Good Works of Over 65,000 Missionaries.

Perpetual Membership $40.00
Framing 1.00

We Also Remind You to Mention Our Charity in Your Will

The SOCIETY For the PROPAGATION of the FAITH
462 Madison Ave., N. Y. City (Cor. E. 51st St.)
Phone—PLAza 4476

Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D., V.G. *Chairman*
Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell *Director*

"THE UNIVERSE"

Founded in the year 1860

Britain's Premier Catholic Paper

Keep informed:—
Concerning Catholic activities in Europe.

Read Articles by the most distinguished Catholic Writers in Europe. A thoroughly wide-awake Catholic paper—bright features from start to finish.

Three dollars a year
52 issues by mail

Send three dollars (or a check) to:—

The Manager, "THE UNIVERSE"
1, Arundel Street LONDON, W.C. 2.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS an interesting exercise to try to discriminate between Mrs. Parker's formula in these taut and crackling sketches, and the similar but more inclusive formula of that kingpin of American short-story writers, Mr. Lardner. She, too, can evoke the uproarious laugh, though she prefers to evoke the wry smile. She, too, has the "hearing ear" that enables her to use the gabble of mediocrities and nincompoops as the material for art: to reproduce it at once with uncanny accuracy and a sure sense of its relation to character and situation. The difference is probably that, in out-and-out tragedy, her touch grows uncertain. Of the three stories here dealing with the necessity for paying the piper, two—New York to Detroit, and Telephone Call—are almost hysterical, and the third—Big Blonde, Mrs. Parker's great succès de scandale—secures restraint by being subhuman. Mr. Durant, the story of a man who got out of paying the piper, and Little Curtis, a merciless study in unconscious cruelty, are savage enough in their irony, it is true, but Mrs. Parker's most characteristic note is struck in what may be called her speakeasy sketches: anatomizations, sometimes blithe and sometimes bitter, of those who drink and flirt and party their way through life. Of these, The Last Tea could bear the challenge of any anthology.

Aristotle's Poetics and Longinus on the Sublime; edited by Charles Sears Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE excellent literary fare provided by several series of reprints is not yet sufficiently recognized. Here, for instance, is one volume of The Modern Readers' Series—two classics in excellent texts of standard translations, usable introduction and notes, attractive half-leather binding, handy format. Professor Baldwin has chosen Bywater's version of the Poetics and Roberts' translation of Longinus for this edition, to which his own discerning comment adds no little charm and for which both teacher and general reader will be grateful.

Wider Horizons: The New Map of the World, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

FOR those who like statistics and for those who need facts too current to be included in encyclopaedias and other books of reference, Wider Horizons will be a decided boon. Here is information which extends from coal tar products to the London conference, from good will flights to Mohammedanism.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of A Living Wage; and Social Reconstruction.

ERNEST HARTSOCK is the editor of Beaux Arts and the author of Narcissus and Iscariot.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, English poet and formerly a professor in the English College, Hamburg, Germany, now resides in New York.

TERENCE O'DONNELL is the author of two novels and a writer for periodicals.

SISTER M. EULALIA is professor of English and history in Misericordia College in Pennsylvania.

HILAIRE BELLOC, whose books include The Path to Rome, and Europe and the Faith, is an English writer on history, politics and literature.

MARGARET WIDDEMER, poet and novelist, is the author of The Old Road to Paradise; Cross Currents; and Collected Poems.

JOHANNES MATTERN is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and author of several standard treatises on phases of political science.

REV. JOHN F. MCCORMICK, S.J., professor of philosophy at Marquette University, was until recently president of the American Catholic Philosophical Association.

ROBERT M. PATTERSON, JR., formerly first lieutenant, Eleventh Cavalry, United States Army, is now connected with the Portsmothu Priory School, Rhode Island.

FREDERIC THOMPSON is a general contributor to the American periodicals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED